

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets and Amusements.

VOLUME 42.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1885.

NUMBER 46.

## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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week.

## ATTORNEYS.

WILLIAM F. OKEY,  
Notary Public.

WM. OKEY & SON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

George G. Jennings,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

G. W. HAMILTON,  
Attorney at Law & Notary Public.  
Office over Pope & Castle's Drug Store,  
Woodfield, Ohio.  
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-  
ties. Office in the room formerly occupied by  
Hunter & Mallory. Jan 17/85.

James Watson,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

J. P. SPRIGGS,  
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

W. S. WILEY,  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
Office up stairs in the Court House,  
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.  
Jan 29/85.

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CITY BAKERY  
—AND—  
CONFECTIONERY.

JACOB REINHERR, Prop'r,  
WOODSFIELD, O.

Common and Fancy Candies,  
Which were made to order, and are free from  
adulterations. All kinds of

Tropical Fruits & Nuts,  
And all kinds of

CANNED FRUITS,  
And all kinds of

Tobacco & Cigars.

Hot C. C. C. Sandwiches, Cheese, Cakes,  
Cakes, Pies, Bolognas, &c.  
Served at all times.  
Months and much served day and night.

## MASONIC DIRECTORY.

Monroe Lodge, No. 189, F. and A. M.,  
Meets at Masonic Hall in Woodfield, on  
Wednesday evenings, on or before each full  
moon. H. B. Hill, W. M.; J. A. B. Morris,  
Secretary.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Christian Church.--No resident Minis-  
ter. Social meeting and communion every  
Sunday morning at 10 1/2 o'clock. Sunday  
school at 9 o'clock A. M.  
Woodfield Chapter, No. 85, R. A. M.,  
Meets at Masonic Hall, Woodfield, on  
Monday evening after full moon. J. F. Seigrist  
M. E. H. P.; J. A. B. Morris, Secretary.

## PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DENNIE,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BEAVERVILLE, OHIO.

Dr. J. W. WATSON,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
ELM COVE.

DR. JAMES A. MCCOY,  
DENTIST,  
COLDWELL, OHIO.

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com-  
pany, LEROY, OHIO.

Assets, : : \$1,187,236 03  
All losses promptly paid.  
JOHN JEFFERS,  
Beaumont, Ohio,  
Agent for Monroe County.

## ORGANS.

Church Committees, School Boards or  
private families desiring to purchase an  
ORGAN can procure first class instruments  
at lowest cash prices by calling on or ad-  
dressing  
REV. W. T. GARRAWAY,  
Woodfield, Ohio.

## AGENTS.

AGENTS, Cincinnati.  
ROYAL OF Liverpool, England.  
THE NORTHERN, -- England.  
LONDON AND LANCASHIRE.

QUEEN OF Liverpool, England.  
JULIO, of Dayton, -- Dayton.

Class and Country Buildings,  
Merchandise, Lumber, Stock,  
Grain and Farm Implements.  
Assisted at low rates in good Companies. Ap-  
plications either by mail or in person  
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## Poetry.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

[Really good things are none the  
more for being old. The Bible itself is  
old--the son is older than the hills, and  
the love which makes the world go  
round is co-existent with eternity. So  
we have thought it not out of place to  
reproduce the good old Christmas poem  
which made the "visions of sugar plums  
dance through our own heads" long  
years ago and which will be new to many  
a little tot long after we shall have man-  
aged to get the snow-clad hills to keep an  
eternal Christmas in the promised land.  
Ed.]

### A VISIT FROM ST. NICOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all  
thru the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,  
While visions of sugar plums danced through  
their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had settled our brains for a long winter nap.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter--  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutter and threw up such a crash;

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

How rapid they gleamed! his couriers they came,  
And whizzed and whirled, and called them by name--  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!  
now, Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Comet! on Dunder and Blixem!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all--  
As the leaves from a tree, so they vanished away!

When they met an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the couriers they flew,  
With the splash of hoofs and the clatter of wheels,  
And the clatter of hoofs and the clatter of wheels,

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney came St. Nicholas with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump--a right jolly old  
elf--

And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of my elf.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings--then turned with a jerk,

And lay his finger aside of his nose,

And gave a nod and a smile to my foes.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew, like the downy softest of feathers--  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight--  
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A  
GOOD-NIGHT!"

## Select Story.

### My Best Christmas Gift.

I don't know how it came to pass, but  
I contrived to fall in love very decidedly  
with my Cousin Clara. She was a bright,  
pretty girl, as curious enough, nearly  
every girl named Clara is such a thing.

With her, I was in love at once, and I  
was in love with her for ever. I was in  
love with her for ever. I was in love with  
her for ever. I was in love with her for  
ever. I was in love with her for ever.

Now my mother was the poor sister of  
a rich man. Because she saw this matter  
in a certain point of view, it by no means  
allowed that Uncle John, Clara's father,  
should see it precisely in the same light;

and even if Uncle John should happen  
to coincide with her in an view a matter,  
it was still more unlikely that Aunt Je-  
minia, his wife, should take the same  
kindly view; for Aunt Je-minia was a  
rich, proud woman.

For some time I was in a lawyer's of-  
fice, but at last I got a kind of prom-  
ission, was sent up to London, where  
Clara lived. I had only been in town a  
few days when I happened to meet her.

My reception was not an enthusiastic  
one. The word "dinner" escaped my  
uncle's mouth but died away upon his  
lips at a warning look from my aunt.

As about taking my leave, feeling a lit-  
tle annoyed, when there came a peculiar  
sharp ring, and exclaiming "Why  
here's Clara!" my aunt moved into the  
hall to meet her daughter.

"Cousin Clara here!" said a sur-  
prise, and even a delighted voice, and my  
bright, handsome cousin entered the  
hall where we had been talking to her.  
She came in with her head bowed, and  
dancing eyes. The provocation of those

eyes was immense; and was there any  
one in the world who could deny that  
we were first cousins? I bent forward to  
kiss her and her lips moved to meet  
mine.

Aunt Je-minia looked aghast but pre-  
sently recovered her equanimity and mur-  
mured, "Ah, yes, cousins are always so  
affectionate."

"We sat down to a very good lunch  
and before the lunch was half over we  
were on 'Charlie' and 'Clara' terms. Be-  
fore the lunch was entirely over I had  
gone a long way toward obeying my be-  
loved mother's injunction.

Just before I left Clara said, "Isn't it  
nice that Charlie has come up to town?  
He is just in time for our dinner party  
next Monday."

"I'm afraid, my dear, that our table  
will be quite full," answered my aunt.  
There were the Dowings, and Mrs.  
James and Mrs. Pendleton and the others.

"Oh, I saw Lucy Pendleton in the  
Park this morning, and she said her  
mother was so upset by the death of her  
pet dog that she was going to write a  
note and decline the invitation."

"Seriously, Clara?" said Aunt Je-  
minia.

"I don't know," answered Clara gravely.  
"It was so quiet that I was to come  
to dinner Monday at 7 o'clock."

"Remember," said Cousin Clara,  
half-whispering, "you may come a lit-  
tle before seven if you like, for I shall  
be down in the drawing-room long before  
that."

"I don't know why I should go very  
early into my lover's study, which was in  
his blessed experience like all the true  
lovers' studies that ever was or will be.  
I shall never forget that evening of  
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Park this morning, and she said her  
mother was so upset by the death of her  
pet dog that she was going to write a  
note and decline the invitation."

Then she told me all. They had sent  
her to Edinburgh, and had excited a  
solemn promise from her that she would  
not correspond with me. Her friends in  
Edinburgh had done all they could to  
occupy and divert her mind. But she  
did not forget that heart and faith were  
pledged to her Cousin Charles, and the  
thought of him was so far away from  
her mind that she was almost un-  
conscious of all enjoyment. She had returned  
to London at the beginning of the month  
in a very unsatisfactory state of health.  
Then they called in the doctor, the  
doctor puzzled and prescribed, and call-  
ed in another doctor more illustrious  
than himself. They agreed that both  
the complaint and the remedy were be-  
yond their art. Then the family doctor,  
with the advice of the consulted doctor,  
saw Uncle John if there was anything  
on his daughter's mind that might ac-  
count for her ill-health and depression.

At last I made up my mind to brave  
the lion in his den, and I posted myself  
Uncle John. I watched my opportunity  
and caught him one afternoon as he was  
returning from his club, and had just  
reached his door step.

"Uncle," I said, "I want to speak to  
you on a deeply important matter which  
will be my happiness, and perhaps your  
own."

"Well, Charles," he said, "I am very  
busy to-day, and you had better perhaps  
send me a letter."

"No," I said, "I can't send you a let-  
ter; and it is a matter that concerns you  
almost as much as myself."

"Uncle," I said, "I love my Cousin  
Clara, and I feel I must tell you so, and  
I implore you take my avowal kindly."

"My uncle gave a grimly sarcastic look  
and then went on, dryly--  
"You desire, I presume, to make me a  
proposal of marriage for my daughter.  
Miss Clara Bogue?"

"Yes, uncle," I replied, a little crest-  
fallen at the pomposity of his announce-  
ment.

"May I inquire, Nephew Charles,"  
said my uncle, with the pompous ele-  
ment unpleasantly predominating--  
"whether you are able to maintain my  
daughter in the style of life to which  
she has been accustomed?"

"Uncle," I replied, "I love my Cousin  
Clara, and I believe she is not at all  
indifferent to me."

I believed that was the proper way of  
putting things mildly. The old gentle-  
man looked gravely disgusted, but waved  
his hand and interrupted me dryly--  
"My daughter Clara is so young and  
inexperienced that she does not know  
whether she is indifferent or whether she  
is not indifferent. Let me repeat my  
question, young sir. My daughter is  
accustomed to a carriage, to her own  
maid, to the opera and to parties. May  
I ask you how much you have a year?"

"About a thousand dollars a year,  
uncle."

"Absolute poverty! Sheer destitu-  
tion!" said my uncle. "I could not for  
a moment entertain such an exceedingly  
absurd proposition. My daughter is  
about to visit some friends in Edinburgh.  
We have some notion that a thorough  
change of scene will be a good thing for  
her. Good morning, Nephew Charles."

My uncle had spoken, cruel man!  
There were no more messages, and no  
more pleasant meetings. I ascertained,  
however, that Clara was in Edin-  
burgh, but I could not find her address.  
The late summer and the dull autumn  
were away, and I had a dull pain in my  
heart, and went mechanically through my  
hardening office-work and my heart  
hardened to it. Now it so happened  
that on Christmas eve I was returning to  
London in a very disagreeable state of  
mind, I opened the door with my latch-  
key and it took a light. It was Christ-  
mas eve, to be sure, but even at Christ-  
mas there are ill-disposed people who  
insist on litigation.

I took out half a dozen letters ad-  
dressed to the firm, and there were a  
couple for myself. One was from Edin-  
burgh, and it was from Clara. I opened  
it, and I knew it would be long, long,  
and consolatory, and I laid the letter  
aside with the intention that it should  
strengthen and help me on Christmas  
day. The other, to my great surprise,  
was a letter in handwriting which cer-  
tainly seemed to be the handwriting of  
Uncle John. I ran thus--  
"My Dear Nephew--  
"Your mother mentioned in a letter  
that you were staying in town this  
Christmas. I do not like to think of  
your spending it alone in your rooms  
while you have flesh and blood of your  
own in London. Will you come to an  
early dinner on Christmas day? With  
compliments of the season, your affec-  
tionate uncle,  
"JOHN BOGUE."

I gazed at it as I read it, and I felt  
that I was astonished at this letter.  
Was Uncle John having the tom-  
hawk and extending the olive branch of  
peace?

It was a little later when I reached my  
uncle's. But my Aunt Je-minia received  
me very graciously. The twinkle in  
Uncle John's eye was a merrier twinkle  
than ever I thought it could have been,  
and he had an air of a look.

"After dinner we were talking about  
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